THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 15, 1800.

ANECDOTES *of* THOMAS PAINE.

THIS celebrated character, though in a great meaſure a man after the diſpoſition of the French themſelves, could not eſcape the rage for incarceration which a few years ſince exiſted in the Committee of General Safety. It was reſerved for the cloſe of the eighteenth century, and for the French nation, to exhibit a ſingular phænomenon in politics. A foreigner, totally unacquainted with the language, nor poſſeſſing a ſingle acre in the country, whereby he might create himſelf an intereſt in it, was elected to a ſeat in the National Convention. Anacharſis Clootz, it is true, was a ſtranger as well as Thomas Paine, but the former had acquired a right to the place he filled, as having purchaſed very conſiderably of the national property; but what, in Heaven's name, could induce them to chooſe Paine to ſit among their legiſlators? Was it from the general repute in which his abilities were held, and the celebrity he had acquired by his writings, that he was judged worthy of this honour? Alas! they ſoon diſcovered how wide was the difference between Thomas Paine upon paper, and Thomas Paine in perſon. His exertions in the aſſembly were confined merely to a yes or no, and that, too, through the medium of an interpreter, who was himſelf a foreigner, and but partially acquainted with the French language.

Unable, therefore, to benefit by his ſentiments, or opinions, in the boſom of the ſenate, they choſe him a member of the committee which they had appointed to draw up a new

code of laws for the government of their newly-eſtabliſhed republic. Here, too, they found that the wild theory of Thomas Paine was incompatible with the mild and ſober doctrine ſo neceſſary to be adopted, either in a temperate reform of ancient laws, or a ſkilful fabrication of new ones. He fell, of courſe, into univerſal neglect; and we may, perhaps, venture to aſſert, that ſuch would have been his fate in this country, had his writings not been ſo frequently adverted to, as well in the publications of the day, as in the debates of Parliament. By this impolitic practice he was lifted into a celebrity, which neither his works could warrant, nor his abilities ſupport.

It was from his attachment to Citizen Briſſot, and his party, that Mr. Paine incurred his impriſonment; and that he did not fall a ſacrifice to Robeſpierre, and his crew, muſt be aſcribed to the private interference and remonſtrances in his favour made by the American Envoy then at Paris; though he himſelf, in his ungrateful and arrogant letter to General Waſhington, affects to complain that no part whatever was taken by him, or his directions, in the ſufferings he underwent, though for aught he knew the axe of the guillotine was ſuſpended over his head. Arrogance and Thomas Paine are, in fact, ſynonymous terms; and thoſe who, I was going to ſay, have had the *pleaſure* of his company, cannot fail to coincide with me in opinion; they muſt know that he is empty and overbearing in argument, rude and peremptory in his manners, and inſolent in his language. In ſome caſes, however, as we can teſtify from the following circumſtance, he has met with the reward that ſuch behaviour always merits, and ſometimes finds.

Very ſoon after Mr. Paine's arrival at Paris, he aſſiſted at a dinner, at White's Hotel, in company with ſeveral Engliſh gentlemen. The bottle had circulated with great quickneſs, and Mr. Paine, as uſual, began to be violent and inflammatory in his remarks on the Government and Miniſtry of Great Britain. An Engliſh officer, who was preſent, thought proper to queſtion his right to make theſe ſtrictures, and retorted upon him, perhaps not in the moſt courteous ſtyle, by obſerving that Mr. Paine, after having acted the part of a ſcoundrel in England, was preparing to play the ſame farce over again in France. The diſpute grew warmer, and Mr. Paine was in the end knocked under the table.

Mr. G——ſ—n, the officer who performed this exploit, certainly acted in a very imprudent manner, inaſmuch as to ſtrike a member of the National Convention was a capital crime.

crime. The cream of the buſineſs, however, is, that Mr. G. apprehenſive of the declaration of war with his own country, and knowing that he ſhould be called upon to join his regiment, had been moving Heaven and earth to obtain a paſſport and permiſſion to leave France. Hitherto his endeavours had been unſucceſsful; but, in conſequence of this lucky hit, he received orders to quit the territory of the republic in three days at fartheſt.

Mr. Paine is now no longer a legiſlator, but is ſtill a penſioner of the French Government.

MEMOIRS *of* GENERAL SUWOROW.

PRINCE Alexander Baſilowitch Suworow, ſurnamed, on account of his military atchievements at Rymnik and in Italy, Rimniſkoi and Italiſkoi, was born in the year 1730. His family was of the claſs of nobility, and of Swediſh origin: one of his anceſtors ſettled in Ruſſia the latter end of laſt century, and having diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the wars againſt the Tartars, was rewarded with lands and peaſants. Baſil, the father of Alexander, was godſon to Peter the Great, and at his death enjoyed the twofold rank of General and Senator.

He intended his ſon for the profeſſion of the law, but a preference very common in youth impelled him to chooſe the military inſtead of the forenſic line. He was at the age of twelve inrolled in the Ruſſian army, but ſtaid at home ſome years afterwards to improve in the ſciences. He purſued the line of reading both profeſſional and hiſtorical, calculated to form a ſoldier, with great diligence and ſucceſs: he ſtudied, beſides, general hiſtory and philoſophy on an enlarged ſcale, and made himſelf maſter of moſt European languages, which he ſpoke and wrote with correctneſs and facility.

Suworow began his career as a private ſoldier, being enrolled as a fuſileer in the guards of Seimonow. In 1747 he ſerved as a corporal, and was ſoon advanced to the rank of ſerjeant. His ſubſequent promotion was rapid: in 1754 he quitted the guards with the brevet of Lieutenant in the army; in 1756 the conduct of proviſions was entruſted to him; he was afterwards Lieutenant to the Auditor-general, and appointed to the command of Memel with the rank of Lieutenant-colonel. He made his firſt campaign in the ſeven years' war againſt the Pruſſians, and by his valour

obtained the favourable notice of his commanding officer, Count Fermor, but he found no opportunity to acquire diſtinction. In 1761 he ſerved in the light troop under General Berg, and made himſelf conſpicuous in various encounters, and particularly in an attack on the town of Golnau, where his horſe was killed under him, and he received a dangerous contuſion on the breaſt from the rebound of a muſket ball. General Berg, in a ſubſequent action at Naugarten, intruſted him with the command of his right, which he conducted with great bravery, though the attack was unſucceſsful. On the 16th of December, the campaign terminated by the ſurrender of Colonel de Heyde to Count Romanzow. The affairs of the King of Pruſſia were conſidered as deſperate, when he was, at length, ſaved by the death of the Empreſs Elizabeth. Her ſucceſſor, on the 5th of May, 1762, made peace, and afterwards concluded an alliance with Frederick, and the Ruſſians engaged no more in that war. Suworow was rewarded with the command of the regiment of dragoons of Archangergerod, and ſent to Peterſburgh with eſpecial letter of recommendation.

After the revolution which placed the late Empreſs Catharine on the throne, Suworow was treated with many marks of confidence and kindneſs, and obtained great applauſe for his activity in teaching the troops the new exerciſe. In 1768 he was advanced to the rank of Brigadier: war being commenced againſt the confederates of Poland, he was ordered to repair thither, and began his march in the unfavourable month of November. In the courſe of this war he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his prudence in council, celerity in marching, and intrepidity in the field: the poſt of honour was always aſſigned to him, and he conſtantly maintained an eminent reputation. In the autumn of the year 1770, he fell into the Viſtula, having by accident miſſed the pontoon in leaping from the bank, and was in great danger of being drowned. A grenadier at length ſucceeded in drawing him out by the hair, but in ſo doing ſtruck his head againſt a pontoon with ſuch violence as to occaſion a contuſion, which he did not recover for ſome months. He continued on ſervice in Poland till the ſpring of 1773, and acquired the admiration of all judges of military diſcipline and tactics. The battle of Stalowitz, which he gained on the 11th of September, 1771, was peculiarly extolled by the King of Pruſſia; and the Empreſs, being highly ſatisfied with Suworow's conduct, raiſed him to the rank of Major-general,

and

and conferred on him the order of St. Alexander Newſky, which ſhe accompanied with a very flattering letter.

On quitting Poland, Suworow repaired immediately to Peterſburgh, where he did not long remain, being in the ſpring of 1773 ordered to join the army which had then taken the field againſt the Turks. He reached Jaſſy in the beginning of May, and ſoon after gained the famous and important battle of Turtukay, though two thouſand Coſſacks, promiſed by Potemkin, did not arrive till after the battle. Suworow's diſpatch to Romanzow, the Commander in Chief, is a ſpecimen of his uſual laconiſm:

"Honour and glory to God! Glory to you, Romanzow! We are in poſſeſſion of Turtukay, and I am in it.

"SUWOROW."

The Empreſs, in token of approbation and gratitude, ſent him the croſs of the order of St. George, of the ſecond claſs, accompanied with many expreſſions of ſatisfaction. In June the General was obliged to retire to Buchareſt for recovery of his health, which was aſſailed with a violent fever. Yet he attended military operations, and on the 27th of July, though in ſo weak a ſtate that he could not walk unleſs ſupported by two men, and his voice ſo feeble that he was obliged to have an officer near him to repeat the commands, he contributed materially to another important victory near Turtukay. In September he again defeated the Turks near Niſrow.

Previouſly to his laſt engagement, Suworow had received ſeveral dangerous hurts, particularly one in his leg and another on his back, which was occaſioned by a fall down ſtairs: his health, was in other reſpects, but partially re-eſtabliſhed, and, therefore, in October, he retired into Ruſſia, and paſſed the winter there. In the enſuing ſpring he returned to the army of the Danube, being advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-general, and appointed to command the ſecond diviſion. On the 11th of June he gained a great victory at Kaſludgi; but his ill health obliging him once more to return to Buchareſt, before he completely recovered, peace was concluded.

Suworow now intended to have returned to Ruſſia, but, at Jaſſy, was met by an order to repair immediately to Warſaw, to aſſiſt Prince Wolgouſki in appeaſing the troubles in the interior of that part of the empire. He arrived at Moſcow in Auguſt, 1774, and ſoon ſucceeded in quelling the inſurrection, and taking priſoner Pugatſchew, the chief of the inſurgents.

inſurgents. Having performed this important ſervice, and reſtored peace, he retired to paſs ſome time on his eſtate.

From this retreat he was called in November, 1776, when he received a commiſſion for the Crimea, where the government was unſettled, the people in inſurrection, and expoſed to the inroads of the Circaſſians, and the whole peninſula in diſorder. Here he remained, with few intervals, for ſeveral years. He was in this period complimented by the Empreſs with a ſnuff-box, containing her portrait ſet in diamonds; and, in 1783, the grand croſs of the equeſtrian order of St. Wolodomir.

In 1786 Suworow was promoted to the rank of Commander in Chief. In February, 1787, the Empreſs paid a viſit to the Crimea, now called Catherinoſlaw, and Taurida, of which Prince Potemkin was then Governor. Suworow, on this ſplendid occaſion, was appointed to command the corps diſtributed in the environs of Kiowie and Pultawa: he was much noticed by the Emperor Joſeph II. who attended the Empreſs under the title of Count Falkenſtein. The Empreſs preſented Suworow with a box enriched with her cypher in diamonds. In Auguſt he aſſumed the command of the corps of Cherſon and Kinburn.

The Turks now commenced hoſtilities without a preliminary declaration, by an attempt to ſurpriſe two Ruſſian veſſels in the bay of Kinburn. After ſeveral unimportant attempts, they began to bombard the town, and, on the 1ſt of October, invaded the iſland with very ſuperior numbers. In this ſituation, Suworow had nothing to depend on but his valour and military ſkill; he gave ſtrict orders that not a ſhot ſhould be fired till the enemy were within 200 yards of the glacis. This prudent command was ſtrictly obeyed; a ſpirited fire was opened at the preciſe moment, and the garriſon ſallied: twice the Ruſſians were overpowered by numbers, and compelled to retire as far as the glacis; but, at length, after a ſanguinary conteſt of nine hours, victory declared in their favour. The Turks had ſent away their boats to prevent retreat, and, therefore, out of 6000 who landed, not more than 700 eſcaped; the reſt were either ſlain in battle, or drowned in the ſea. Suworow was once in imminent danger; he was diſmounted, and ſeeing a Turk leading a ſpare horſe, miſtook him for a Coſſack, and demanded the beaſt: the Turk lifted his ſabre to diſpatch him, but was, in the ſame moment, thruſt through the body with a bayonet. The General received a muſket ſhot in the arm, which, for the moment, he only waſhed in ſalt water, and bound up with

his cravat: it was afterwards properly attended to. Te Deum was performed at Peterſburgh by the Empreſs's order, who ſent Suworow a letter highly complementary, and afterwards the order of St. Andrew for himſelf, and ſix croſſes of St. George, to be diſtributed according to his diſcretion.

He now directed a conſiderable ſhare of attention to the fortifying of Kinburn, conceiving, that although the Turks had for a time retreated, they would ſoon return. He was not deceived in this expectation: Haſſan Pacha made ſeveral attempts to deſtroy the Ruſſian fleet, but, being generally defeated, was obliged to return to Conſtantinople. Prince Potemkin then reſolved to attack Oczakow, and the ſiege began in due form, on the 29th of Auguſt, 1788. From a ſally made by the Turks on the preceding evening, a general engagment enſued, and Suworow, being pointed out by a Greek ſlave who had deſerted, was aimed at, and wounded in the neck. He was, in conſequence, obliged to retire to Kinburn, where his ſymptoms became dangerous and alarming; he was alſo attacked by the jaundice, but recovered from both. During his convaleſcence, his life was endangered by the blowing up of a magazine, full of charged bombs, grenades, and various other combuſtibles; a bomb fell in his bed-chamber, tore his bed, broke down part of the wall, and wounded him in the face, breaſt, and knee. Thus he was incapacitated from attending the further progreſs of the ſiege, and obliged to remain at Cherſon and Kremenſchuck for the recovery of his health.

In the beginning of 1789 he went to Peterſburgh, where he was moſt graciouſly received; the grateful and diſcerning Empreſs preſented him with a plume of diamonds for his caſque, diſtinguiſhed with the letter K in a cypher, as an acknowledgement for his defence of Kinburn.

Suworow ſhortly afterwards returned to the army, and, arriving at Berlats, eighteen miles from Jaſſy, took the command of the corps there, and, in conjunction with the Prince of Saxe-Cobourg, whom he joined by a moſt rapid and aſtoniſhing march, defeated the enemy at Forhani, and took the fortified convents of St. Samuel and St. John. At this period Suworow ſuſtained conſiderable injury from a ſmall accident: a pin ran into his foot, the head broke off, and it could not be extracted. This made him rather lame, and the Turks, in deriſion, uſed to call him Topal Bacha, or the Limping General.

(To be continued.)

THE

THE NO DEDICATION OF A WORK.

By HOGARTH.

NOT dedicated to any prince in Chriſtendom, for fear it might be thought an idle piece of arrogance. Not dedicated to any man of quality, for fear it might be thought too aſſuming. Not dedicated to any learned body of men, as either of the Univerſities or the Royal Society, for fear it might be thought an uncommon piece of vanity. Not dedicated to any one particular friend, for fear of offending another. Therefore dedicated to nobody; but if for *once* one may ſuppoſe nobody to be every body, as every body is ſaid to be nobody, then is this work dedicated to every body:

By their moſt humble and devoted,

W. HOGARTH.

GENERAL REVIEW *of* POLITICS,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1800.

THE grand diſcuſſion of peace or war remains yet in ſuch a ſtate as to preſent no prominent point to fix a probable conjecture relative to its ultimate deciſion.

FRANCE.

Purſuing the ſyſtem of rapacity which has long formed the characteriſtic of this power, about the middle of October the French entered Tuſcany, and ſeized on that country and Leghorn. Shallow pretences are advanced to juſtify this act of wanton aggreſſion during an armiſtice, and the preparations for a pacific convention. The principal argument alleged is, the proſecution of the levy *en maſſe*, which was, according to the French reaſoners, repugnant to the preliminaries ſigned by M. de St. Julien. This futile pretext, however, is inſufficient to juſtify the act, even if it were true; but it is, in fact, utterly unfounded, as the levy in Tuſcany is explicitly avowed on the part of France, in the correſpondence between our government and them. Common ſenſe views this audacious violation of the law of nations as a diſhoneſt repriſal, intended to compenſate for Malta; what the republic loſes to the valour and perſeverance of the Britiſh arms it ſeeks to replace by barefaced robbery and unprincipled violence: the quantity of Britiſh property ob-

tained by this furtive movement forms a grand theme of Gallic boaſting, but allowing for exaggeration and for the difference of coin, the millions of livres ſo much vaunted, will probably turn out a few thouſand pounds ſterling, which, ſo far from operating as a national loſs, will hardly be known or very little felt on the Royal Exchange. But to other nations of Europe this proceeding affords an awful leſſon; in it they may contemplate the certain proof of an unchanging principle in the French Government, by whomſoever directed, to ſpurn at right, to make convenience the only rule of juſtice, and force the only ultimate appeal.

GERMANY.

This power appears to be equally alert with France in making vigorous preparations for the renewal of hoſtilities. The Emperor expreſſes the firmeſt determination to adhere to his treaties with Great Britain, and not to enter into a ſeparate negociation with the enemy.

AMERICA.

In the preliminary convention that has been entered into between France and America the principle of free bottoms making free goods, is diſtinctly recognized; and liberty of trade with nations at war with France (except to ports, &c. under blockade) is admitted. In return, the French are entitled to every privilege of the moſt favoured nation in all their intercourſe with America. The form of a convention ſeems to have been preferred to that of a definitive treaty, with the view of preventing any diſpute which might have ariſen between America and England, if the treaty of alliance and commerce of 1778 had been ſpecifically renewed. The preſent arrangement profeſſes to lay down the principles of connection, without conferring any privileges or forming any alliance that might be conſidered as prejudicial to other nations.

One article in this treaty, however, has been conſidered by ſome as pointedly directed by France againſt the maritime ſyſtem of Great Britain, with a view to conciliate the grateful approbation of the northern powers, and as an inſtrument of coalition between the two republics, to eſtabliſh the claims, with reſpect to neutral rights, that have been aſſerted by Sweden and Denmark.

The article alluded to, is that which ſtipulates that all neutral veſſels, under convoy of a ſhip of war of its own nation, ſhall paſs freely without being viſited, on the word of

honour of the Commander of the convoy that the ſaid veſſels do not belong to the enemies of either of the contracting parties.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The military tranſactions of this country ſince our laſt publication, have been principally a feint on Cadiz and the capture of Curaçoa, a Dutch ſettlement in the Weſt Indies. Cadiz ſuffering under the ravages of the plague, preſented no invitation to an attack, but an attempt was made to obtain poſſeſſion of the fleet, which was not ſucceſsful.

The attack on Curaçoa was made by a ſingle frigate: the Dutch were at war with their good allies the French, and claiming the aſſiſtance of the Engliſh, yielded the dominion of the iſland in payment.

A French frigate called La Vengeance has alſo been captured in the American ſeas, by which our Weſt India trade will be rendered more ſecure.

The triumphs allotted by Britiſh gratitude to Britiſh valour can never be indifferent to the minds of true patriots; we therefore record with becoming exultation the arrival of Lord Nelſon, and the diſplay of public gratulation with which it has been attended. Although the hero had not yet been preſented at Court, etiquette was diſpenſed with for the purpoſe of affording the city the deſired opportunity of teſtifying their regard for his ſervices by inviting him to the feaſt of Lord Mayor's day, and that opportunity was embraced to preſent the ſword voted by the city. We cannot reſiſt the opportunity of pointing out the ſpeech of the Chamberlain to the hero of the Nile as a model of energy and elegance, without any ſacrifice of truth to hyperbole or gigantic extravagance; the following paragraph is peculiarly happy:

"The circumſtances attending this grand diſplay of providential interpoſition and Britiſh proweſs, muſt intereſt the feelings of every Engliſhman. Had a ſpace been choſen to exhibit to the world a ſtruggle for ſuperiority in nautical ſkill, and perſonal valour, between the two greateſt naval powers of the globe, none could have been more happily ſelected. The three grand diviſions of the ancient world were witneſſes, and the ſhores which had beheld the deſtruction of the Perſian navy by the Greeks, and the heroic acts of Seſoſtris, now reſounded with the echo of Britiſh thunder! To your Lordſhip belongs the praiſe of having added glory to ſuch a ſcene! The heroes we applaud would themſelves

have

have applauded us! and he, who ages ſince led his three hundred againſt an almoſt countleſs hoſt, might, on that proud day, have wiſhed himſelf a Briton."

Lord Nelſon's anſwer was modeſt, manly, and conciſe:

SIR,

It is with the greateſt pride and ſatisfaction I receive from the honourable court this teſtimony of their approbation of my conduct; and with this very ſword—*(holding it up in his left and remaining hand)*—I hope ſoon to aid in reducing our implacable and inveterate enemy to proper and due limits—without which this country can neither hope for, nor expect, a ſolid, honourable, and permanent peace."

His Lordſhip's appearance at Court and in the theatres has been hailed in the genuine ſtyle of Britiſh triumph, with heartfelt gratulations and unpremeditated plaudits, widely different from the foppery of planned proceſſions and the purchaſed homage of a mob who are taught when to ſhout, when to be ſilent, when to applaud their hero, when to extol their country.

The high price of proviſions, beſides the petition of the city of London, occaſioned meetings in the county of Middleſex, and ſeveral other repreſented places in Great Britain. Parliament aſſembled the 11th of November, and the ſcarcity formed the principal ſubject of the ſpeech from the throne. The King directed the attention of the legiſlature to every object which had relation to an immediate ſupply, and which promiſed to obviate the recurrence of diſtreſs.

He mentioned in proper terms of diſapprobation the efforts which had been uſed to deſtroy the public peace, and ſpoke with due commendation of the exertions of the volunteer corps, by which the malignant attempts of the enemies of order had been rendered abortive.

His Majeſty alſo mentioned the attempt at pacification between this country and France, and informed the Houſes he had directed copies of the papers on that ſubject to be laid before them.

The addreſs was moved in the Upper Houſe by the Duke of Somerſet, and ſeconded by Lord Hobart. Lord Holland and Lord Suffolk were conſpicuous in Oppoſition; an amendment was moved, which was ably combated by Lords Romney and Grenville, and loſt on a diviſion by fifty to five.

In the Lower Houſe the addreſs was moved by Sir John Wrouteſley, and ſeconded by Mr. Dickenſon, jun. It was oppoſed by Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Robſon, and ſupported in a moſt eloquent ſpeech by Mr. Pitt. Mr. Sheridan anſwered the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and at length Mr. Grey moved an amendment, which was negatived. The debates on theſe occaſions related principally to ſcarcity, and to the influence of war in augmenting that evil. Mr. Pitt moſt unequivocally denied the aſſumption. Committees have been appointed in both Houſes; bounties voted, and a bill is framed for preſent relief and future ſupply.

On the 13th the papers promiſed in the King's ſpeech were laid before both Houſes; in them all the proceedings on the propoſition for a naval armiſtice are clearly detailed, and the extravagant pretenſions of the enemy are ſtrongly contraſted by the conciliating, yet dignified conduct reſulting from the councils of this country.

Account of ſome Oriental Preſents lately received, intended for the Royal Family.

THE crowd at the Baggage Warehouſe of the Eaſt India Company has been immenſe, attracted by the preſents for the Royal Family, conſiſting of the wardrobe and other articles taken from the late Tippoo Sultan. The following is a particular account of the moſt remarkable of the articles:

GREEN WAR DRESS.

This dreſs (which belonged to Tippoo Sultan) is called a Chetta, a Perſian word, implying forty folds. The inſcription in the inſide, however, ſtates, that there are forty folds in the body of the dreſs. The turban has been dipped in the waters of Zum Zum, at Mecca, and is hence ſuppoſed to be invulnerable: it is a turbernock, or holy gift.—The noſe-piece of the turban has ſeveral Arabic inſcriptions in letters of gold, and taken chiefly from the Koran; they are all invocations to the prophet Mahomed, to protect the wearer. This dreſs was taken from Tippoo's own wardrobe, which contained no other but the clothes or armour in conſtant uſe. The above are intended for his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York.

A piece

A piece of mechaniſm repreſenting a tiger in the act of devouring a proſtrate European. There are ſome barrels in imitation of an organ within the body of the tyger: the ſounds produced by the organ are intended to reſemble the cries of a perſon in diſtreſs, intermixed with the roar of a tyger. The machinery is ſo contrived, that while the organ is playing, the hand of the European is often lifted up to expreſs his helpleſs and deplorable condition. This piece of mechaniſm was found in a room of the palace at Seringapatam appropriated for the reception of muſical inſtruments.

TIGER'S HEAD.

This head formed part of the throne of Tippoo Sultan. It is made of wood, and is covered with plates of the pureſt gold, about one-tenth of an inch in thickneſs, The teeth are of rock cryſtal, and the eyes of the ſame material. The throne was of an octagonal form, and entirely covered with ſimilar plates of gold, marked with the tyger ſtripe (which was the diſtinguiſhing mark of Tippoo and his family). Over the throne was raiſed a canopy of gold, ſupported by eight light but ſtrong pillars; there was a fringe of pearls round the top of the canopy, of about four inches in depth, the whole was crowned by a *kerma* made entirely of precious ſtones, and ſent to England in Auguſt, 1799. This head with four legs, repreſenting the legs of a tyger, was placed under the throne. The ſeat of the throne was about five feet from the ground, and the height of the canopy eight or nine feet. The head is accompanied by a ſmall but rich and beautiful carpet uſed by Tippoo upon his Muſnud on day's of ſtate.

THE BEDDING OF THE SULTAN.

This is adorned with two green war helmets, dipped in the waters of Zum Zum, at Mecca, and thence ſuppoſed to be invulnerable. One peitre or cuiraſs to cover the body—are likewiſe preſents to the King.

THE RED WAR DRESS.

This falls to the ſhare of the Prince of Wales. This war dreſs was worn by Tippoo, in his campaign in Adoiri, in 1789, againſt the Nizam and Mahrattahs. He was then in the plenitude of his power. Rajah Cawn, the Sultan's favourite ſlave, knew the dreſs immediately on its being ſhewn to him, after the reduction of Seringapatam, and confirmed the fact above ſtated.

ON

ON PUNNING.

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

IN this age of refinement and critical accuracy, it is to me no ſlight ſource of grief, to perceive our literary weal is ſo ſhamefully over-run with PUNS. They are not only conſpicuous on the ſtage, and at the bar, but they have actually crept into the pulpit, and threaten the final extermination of public taſte. I am informed there are certain clubs where a ſet of young Goths and ſtripling Vandals aſſociate, merely with intent to diſplay their proficiency in PUNNING; and here, ſuch witticiſms are uttered, and ſuch jeſts conceived and delivered—*Bœotum in craſſo jurares aere natos!*

You will lament with me, Sir, the uſurpation of folly; but the difficulty lies in effecting the reſtoration of wit. So far hath this dangerous mania prevailed, that I find the ſober inhabitants of the city equally affected with the volatile inmates of the court-end of the town; and to receive a downright, unequivocal reply to a ſimple queſtion, would be to diſcover a miracle. I had occaſion the other day to viſit an eminent lawyer; not one of your wild, flaſhy *Templars*, but a ſtaid, hypocritical old ſinner, a true limb of the law, and an admirable hand at a deed of conveyance: he received me at his chamber door with a ſmall volume in his hand, which I, at firſt, took to be Coke upon Lyttleton in miniature, but afterwards diſcovered to be a new edition of that facetious father of polite learning, *Joe Miller*. I interrogated him "whether he was not *concerned* about the affairs of my friend *Dick Addle?*" to which he, with a grin on his face, and a pun in his heart, replied, "I am, indeed, *concerned* about him, for he has run away ten pounds in my debt." I could not forbear ſmiling at the idea of Dick's outwitting an imp of juſtice, which ſmile he interpreted in favour of the brilliancy of his repartee. In ſhort, after a ſtay of more than an hour, not one ſingle article of my buſineſs was ſeriouſly adjuſted; and after attending to a ſtring of *jeu de mots*, far more tedious than the long vacation, and putting my grave muſcles to the torment of divers elaborate laughs, I departed from this *legal Momus*, "with honeſt anguiſh, and an aching ear."

It is certain, in former days, that the witty Dr. South was famous for the lively manner in which he endeavoured to expoſe the vices, and amend the morals of a flagitious court;

but is it not, at this period of intellectual and verbal improvement, highly prejudicial to the cauſe of ſound doctrine, and decent truth, when we are patiently plagued by the devotional hyperboles of a quibbling divine? Such religious mockeries have, of late, often thrown me (to uſe Timon's expreſſion) "into ſtrong ſhudders, and immortal agues."

The poets, who were always an unaccountable race of beings, and the players, who have nearly the ſame proximity to human nature, as the monkey, I do not ſo much mind, nor is their reformation any matter of conſequence to rational ſociety; but to hear a pious Archbiſhop pun in his ſtall, a reverend judge repartee from his bench, and a ſapient phyſician *play upon* the pulſe of his expiring patient, would call forth ſatire from the pen of a poor dedicator, and melt into pity the iron cheeks of a monthly reviewer!——*Quo me rapis, amabilis inſania?* I could declaim againſt ſuch innovation until the laſt day, and extend this ſimple epiſtle to the length of a Dutch epigram.

Let us, Mr. Editor, bravely ſtem this barbarous inundation, which muſt ſoon ſweep away the bloſſoms of genius and the flowers of rhetoric; let us expoſe that barrenneſs of brain which can only produce ſuch muſhroom abortions as thoſe I have mentioned; and ſtrip from conceited folly all its adventitious embelliſhment.

Moveat Cornicula riſum
Furtivis nudata coloribus!

But, on the other hand, if you imagine all oppoſition to be uſeleſs, all exhortation vain, let us, at leaſt, contrive to render this ſcience reſpectable, and reduce it to a regular ſyſtem for the uſe of ſucceeding ages. Do you, Mr. Editor, but carefully ſift and ſelect what inſtances of this *ſpecies of wit* occur in the works of the ancients, and I will engage to embody and equip an univerſity of punſters, far more numerous, if not more learned, than the celebrated Academia Della Cruſca. A dictionary of words, foreign in ſenſe, but nearly allied in ſound, will be one of thoſe grand *deſiderata* in literature then, which have, for ſuch a length of time, exalted fools into wiſe men, and depreſſed wiſe men into fools.

I am, Sir, your's,

PUNICUS.

BOLD ADVENTURE OF A DUTCHMAN, AT ST. HELENA.

A Dutch ſhip returning from the Eaſt Indies, one of the ſeamen was condemned to death, for ſome capital crime; ſoon after arriving at St. Helena, at that time uninhabited, they changed his puniſhment, determining to leave him there, and accordingly put him on ſhore!

The unhappy man repreſenting to himſelf the horrors of ſuch a ſolitude, perhaps in a greater degree than he need, felt upon the following deſperate enterprize:

They had that day buried one of the officers. The poor ſeaman contrived to open the grave, and get the coffin up. He then forced it open and removed the body. He next took the coffin down to the ſea, and carefully ſeating himſelf in it, ventured out, having made a kind of rudder of the upper board! happily for him there was at that time a very great calm, and the ſhip lay as it were immoveable within a league and an half of the iſland. Thoſe on board ſeeing ſo odd a kind of boat floating upon the water, were much alarmed, thinking it had been an apparition! but when they could diſcern who and what it was, they were equally amazed at the unaccountable boldneſs of the man who had ventured ſo far in a few boards ſlightly nailed together, which a ſmall wave would have overſet, when he could have no aſſurance of being received by thoſe who ſo lately ſentenced him to death!

It was, however, put to the queſtion, and though ſome were for having the ſentence executed, yet pity and admiration prevailing, they determined to take him on board again. Being once more ſafe in the ſhip, he returned to Holland, where he afterwards reſided at Hoſn, on the Zyder Zee, and related unto many the deliverance which he had ſo miraculouſly experienced.

A REFLECTION.

TO die, or to live, requires little courage; the inhabitant of the foreſt can do both. To die, or to live, becomingly, requires much fortitude. Great let me call the human being who can do either! Let it be remembered, that the one is a conſequence of the other.

AN ANECDOTE.

IT has been ſuppoſed, that the King's plates annually run for at Newmarket, &c. were the gift of the crown, but in a little tract, entitled "Anecdote relating to Horſe-Races," there is the following account of theſe ſporting donations:

"Gentlemen went on breeding their horſes ſo fine, for the ſake of ſhape and ſpeed only, without conſidering that thoſe which were only ſecond, third, or fourth rate in ſpeed, were then quite uſeleſs, until the reign of Queen Ann, when a public-ſpirited gentleman, obſerving this inconvenience, left thirteen hundred guineas out of his eſtate for thirteen plates or purſes, to be run for at ſuch places as the Crown ſhould appoint; whence they are called King's or Queen's plates, or guineas. The condition is, that each horſe, &c. ſhall carry twelve ſtone weight, the beſt of three heats, over a four-mile courſe; by this method a ſtronger and more uſeful breed was ſoon raiſed, and if a horſe did not win the guineas, he was yet ſtrong enough to make a good hunter. By theſe croſſings, as jockies term it, we have horſes of full blood, three quarters blood, or half bred, ſuitable to carry any burthens; whence the Engliſh horſes are allowed to be the beſt, and are greatly eſteemed by foreigners."

Anſwer, by W. Bickham, Jun. of Aſhburton, to G. England's Enigma, inſerted September 15.

WHEN Bacchanalians merry meet
To circulate the GLASS;
All earthly ſorrow they forget,
Time doth unheeded paſs.

*** We have received the like anſwer from Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers; T. Jarvis, Malborough; W. Sherwell, Modbury; W. Gregory, and T. Whicker, Exeter; R. Maffett, Saltaſh; Thomas Coumbe, Stonehouſe; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; G. Baker, Poole; and G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton.

Anſwer, by William England, of Lyme, to P. Gove's Charade, inſerted September 22.

ALL Hail! the Eternal King of Heaven and Earth!
Who form'd the SUN, and gave the ſeaſons birth;

May we thro' him be plac'd on Zion's ſhore,
At the laſt DAY, when time ſhall be no more!

☞ We have received the like anſwer from G. England, of Uplyme; J. Ball, jun. and J. R. Toulmin, Taunton; Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers; W. Bickham, jun. Aſhburton; George Andrews, and W. Sherwell, Modbury; T. Whicker, Exeter; R. Maffett, Saltaſh; J. B. Chivers, St. Auſtell; W. Maddick, Rattery; T. Coumbe, Stonehouſe; J. King, Kingſbridge; R. T. of Mouſehole; G. and R. Baker, Poole; T. Jarvis, Marlborough; and G. Bulgin, of Caſtle Carey.

A CHARADE, *by W. England, of Lyme.*

A Service of an ancient church,
Imprimis you will ſhow;
And next a certain ſum of land:
My whole then comes to view,
Which is a means that has been us'd
To ſlay the innocent:
Oh, Sirs! the thought of ſuch a deed,
It makes my heart relent.

A CHARADE, *by T. Jarvis, of Malborough.*

WHEN weary travellers retire,
And find refreſhment ſweet;
When merry viſitants enjoy
The well-known evening treat.

When labouring peaſants homeward bend,
And Roger leaves his plough;
When Nancy trips along the mead
To milk her dapple cow;

When Sol rides down the weſtern ſky,
And ſportſmen quit the chace;
'Tis then, ye circumſpective youths,
My firſt draws on apace.

My next from ſcripture you may trace,
For there we're plainly told,
It did ſupply much-wanted food
To a reverend man of old.

I need not give another hint
Ere you my whole expound;
By what I have already ſaid
'Twill eaſily be found.

POETRY.

ADDRESS *to* NOVEMBER.

PARENT of melancholy, miſts, and mire,
Unwelcome viſitant! once more thou com'ſt
To guide the progreſs of the crippled year,
Now creeping to its cloſe. Yon livid cloud,
That, like a huge leviathan of air,
Riſing above the bleak Atlantic ſurge,
Veils half the frowning viſage of the weſt,
Brings all thy bluſt'ring equipage of ſtorm,
To baniſh mildneſs from our atmoſphere,
Drive lingering beauty from our faded fields,
And drown, in dumb deſpair, our drooping groves.

A Goth thou art, whoſe barbarous taſte abhors
Aught that gives pleaſure to the painter's eye,
Aught that delights the ear of melody,
Or fills with extacy the poet's breaſt.
Whate'er is dark and diſmal to behold,
Whate'er is harſh or horrible to hear,
The roar of torrents tumbling o'er the rocks,
The rage of tempeſts turning up the main,
Invidious night extinguiſhing her lamps,
And wrapping nature in her Stygian pall;
Deformity—confuſion—havoc—death
Seem only to excite thy moody mirth,
And give thy gloomy boſom ſavage joy!

The ſcourge of commerce thou haſt always been:
No pirate fell from Tunis or Algiers,
Infeſting Tyrian Neptune's old domain
With bold impunity, is dreaded more
By hapleſs mariners. Thy flag is falſe,
And whoſo truſts it, ſurely finds a foe.
Thy very ſmiles are but deceitful lures
To lead th' incautious into peril's path,
Where neither ſkill, nor courage oft avail,
To reſcue them from ruin. Even war,
Fierce and unapt to ſhrink from other foes,
Appall'd at thy approach collects his ſpoils,
And from the tented plain retreats with ſpeed
To ſeek for refuge in the well-fenc'd town.

Yet now, whilſt thus to nature's tribes without
Thou deal'ſt around deſtruction and diſmay,
The calm and philoſophic mind within
Securely ſits, concencrating her powers,
And gaining light from thy ſurrounding gloom.
Science unfolds the treaſures of her page
To youthful meditation's eager view,
Inſpiring noble thirſt of knowledge ſtill,
While howls the tempeſt o'er the chimney top,

The

And loud the hail-ſhower patters on the pane,
The ſocial circle and the feſtive board
Flouriſh beneath thy inauſpicious reign;
And hoſpitality renews his rites,
And thou renew'ſt thy rigours. Thus, ſtern month!
Alsho' a foe to ſocial joys abroad,
Thou prov'ſt a friend to ſocial bliſs at home.

November 24, 1800.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LINES *addreſſed to an* ABSENT FRIEND.

WHEN o'er the bluſhing eaſt ſome gilded beam
Again proclaims the firſt approach of day;
Alone and penſive, near ſome cryſtal ſtream,
I love, in ſilence, to explore my way.

And as the ſhrub, refreſh'd with morning dew,
Expands with borrow'd ſtrength its moiſten'd leaf;
E'en ſo, my friend, the pleaſing thoughts of you
Reſtore my mournful ſoul from every grief.

What true delight doth friendſhip oft impart
To virtuous ſouls, with kind compaſſion bleſt!
It gives freſh vigour to the drooping heart,
And ſoothes each tranſient ſorrow of the breaſt.

Thoſe charms I've known. But ah! how ſhort their ſtay!
How ſhort the fleeting glory of their reign!
Doom'd like the roſe too, ſwiftly to decay
They leave my ſoul in ſilence to complain.

In youthful gambols o'er the fertile mead,
With you, my friend, I've ſpent the hours in glee;
But ah! thoſe charms are by the fates decreed
To be unknown, unfelt again by me.

Oh falſe deceitful world! your joys are few,
And thoſe too frail, too fickle to endure;
They pleaſe the fancy at a diſtant view,
But when poſſeſs'd no longer can allure.

RETIREMENT.

OH hide me from the city's tireſome ſtrife,
In ſome ſecluded, peace-beſtowing vale!
Well may he hate this ſpan of mortal life,
Who feels like me how very falſe and frail
Are all our hopes of human happineſs;
The gala and the theatre, how ſtale!
The ſong convivial—impotent to bleſs,
Nor wit refin'd, nor laugh-provoking tale,
Nor all the goods of luxury and dreſs,
Can charm his heart whoſe peace of mind is fled.
What then can ſilent ſolitude avail,
The wood, the mountain, and the claſſic ſhade?
Is heav'n-born hope, content, or Delia there?
Ah no!—they can but echo my deſpair.

ORLANDO.